A Military Alph

AND OTHER RHYME

NELLY WARNE

A MILITARY ALPHABET and OTHER RHYMES

NELLY WARNER

PUBLISHED BY
THE STANDARD PRESS
KANSAS CITY

KHAKI BOY

My laddie, 'tis of thee,
Brave son of Liberty.
    Of thee I sing:
May all you hold most dear,
Bring naught but love and cheer,
Nor worry, care or fear,
    On Time's fleet wing.

A MILITARY ALPHABET

(Written in August, 1918, shortly after the A. E. F. began [illegible] tions expecting that the "S" was revised after the boys returned.)

"A" Stands for Allies—every good nation.
Fighting for love of the next generation.
Also for Aeroplanes, sailing the sky,
Ammunition to make the enemy fly.

"B" Is for Bill, who started the battle,
The big, burly Boches, who followed like cattle:
Overran Belgium, with hatred and sin,
Till the British helped drive them all back to Berlin.

"C" Is for Colonels, Captains and Corporals,
Camps and Cavalry, too:
Clothing, Canteens, Camouflage Colorings;
All for Christianity true.

"D" Is Democracy, Daring to Do,
Marvelous Deeds for us all:
Dangerous tasks for me and for you,
So we respond to her call.

"E" Stands for Europe, where Emperors live,
With Egos Enormous and Evil:
Enemies Ever to kindness and love,
In Erebus long shall they revel.

"F" Is for Freedom and Flag of the Free:
France and her Future unbreaking;
Food and Funds for those oversea,
Foch and the Fight he is making.

"G" Is for Germans, also for Greed:
Guns and Gases that kill;
"Gott im Himmel" has measured their creed,
And will Grant them His Divine Will.

"H" Is for Hoover, who Hustles so Hard,
To bring Happiness where Hunger lurks:
While the Horrible Hun is kept on the run,
For Sir Douglas Haig never shirks.

"I" Stands for Italy — a much little nation:
Indians loyal and true;
"J" For Japan, who will fight to a man,
Jui Jitsu a Junker or two.

"K" Stands for Kultur: also for Kill;
And both mean the same to old Kaiser Bill:
Khaki and Kiltie, and their Kith and Kin,
Will keep the world free from Kultur and sin.

"L" Is for Ludendorff, Learning a Lesson,
From Lads who Love Laughter and Life,
Losing his Legions of Lawless aggression,
Who Looted the Land in their strife.

"M" Means McAdoo Making the Money,
Meet a Miraculous plan;
Marines, Machines, Mess sergeants, Maps,
Mirth and Madness, Mud and Mishaps,
Millions of Marching Men.

"N" Is for Navy: also for Nations
Neutrals who Need to Beware:
Nurses Never Neglectful of duty,
Night-time or day, over there.

"O" Is for Octopus Over the seas:
Officers, Outposts and Orderlies:
Orphans and "Over there" and On.
"Over the top" till the Huns are gone.

"P" Is for Pershing Pelting the Prussians—
Princes and Puppets of men.
Poincaire and Poilus: Paris in Peril:
Peace and Protection again.

"Q" Is for Quitters, a Queer lot of folk.
Who Quaintly declare that war is a joke:
They Quibble and Question, and Quail at the
thought,
Of Quietly giving the Quarter they ought.

"R" Is our Rookies Running the Reichstag:
Raising the Red, White and Blue
O'er the River Rhine, and the Red Cross sign.
Will Race to the Rescue, too.

"S" Stands for Ships Sailing out to Sea.
Sailors and Submarines:
Sergeants, the Somme, and Salvation Sue.
With doughnuts and Smiles—a Samaritan true.
When all the world Sorrowful Seems.

"T" Is for Troops Tramping all day,
Taps and Tents for the night.
Trucks and Tires, Telegraph wires.
And Terrible Tanks in the fight.

"U" Is for U-boats Under the sea.
Ugly, defiant of liberty:
Uncle Sam, United with others,
To make the world Universal brothers.

"V" Is for Victory, Valor and Vim.
Verdun, and the Vimy rim.
Volunteers of Valiant worth,
Who will drive the Villains off the earth.

"W" Is Wilson Walloping Wilhelm,
Winning the World's Worst War:
Wearied and Worn, his "Wacht am Rhein" shorn
The Westral is Weeping with Thor.

"X" is X-Ray to eXamine the mind,
Of eXalted rulers and some eXcuse find:
And if none eXist, to eXpose the mailed fist,
And eXpel its abode from mankind.

"Y" is for Yanks and Y. M. C. A.,
A Yowling good combination,
From Yonkers to Yang-Tse-Kiang all the way,
The Yellow they'll Yip from creation.

"Z" is for Zeppelin, Germany's aeroplane;
Zeebrugge, a fort by the sea:
The "Zero hour," and the end of my story,
All Zero for Germany.

THE MOTHER HEART

[illegible]
[illegible]

Humanity! What can I do,
Whilst all these terrors reign?
Creator of the Universe!
Has my life been in vain?

I've cried and cried, and prayed [illegible]
And helpless, sought to dare:
I've wished myself a regiment,
To go and do my share.

I've marched down Broadway, feeling like
A Major, Brigadier,
And every kind of officer,
That scorns the weak word "fear."

I'd like to man an aeroplane—
If I could sail it straight—
Far over all the fighting lines,
To Wilhelm's bloody gate.

I'd like to fire a deadly bomb,
Straight through the palace wall,
And smash the Hohenzollerns—
The Kaiser most of all.

I'd like to take him, torturing,
His greedy eyes to see,
Into each home that he has wrecked,
In his own Germany!

Into each home that he has wrecked,
In once gay, sunny France,
And would that every heart thus crushed,
Might be a sword or lance.

[illegible] Russ. [illegible] Brincat, Italy.
[illegible] [illegible] in every state
[illegible] the sea.

[illegible]

THE ROOKIE

[illegible]

[illegible] makes the rookie hang [illegible]
In such an awkward way [illegible]
He hasn't any collar on,
They've all been pu[illegible]

What makes his hands look [illegible]
When he stands idling [illegible]
Because his sleeves are shrunk [illegible]
An[illegible] more can he fo[illegible]

What makes him try to hide [illegible]
You think he's lost his [illegible]
Or, so, his shoes don't fit so [illegible]
As those he left behind?

TAPS

Taps are sounding [illegible]
Nine o'clock, out goes the [illegible]
Every soldier must to bed,
In his cot, with prayers said;
Only sentries close guard keep
While the camp is fast asleep.

THE DANCE OF THE WINDS

[illegible] Fitzroy Kelsey
[illegible] Division

[illegible] wind scurried across the plain,
[illegible] of the West, and to Furston came;
Freakish and mad, with a careless mien,
Said he: "I shall dance and careen!"

[illegible] the dirt, the grit and the sand,
Said in a whirling dervishes at my command!"
And the great whirlwinds of dust just blew,
Until now the Westwind grew.

[illegible] called to the East one day,
[illegible] leaving and blowing the dirt all your way
[illegible] all that's loose, and the air is quite plain
[illegible] just blow it all back again."

[illegible] stopped for a while on the East wind smile
"I will do as I please," said she legend:
"Long as I live, with an insane glee
[illegible] homes and heads of the West wind. See!"

[illegible] Northwind stepped from his g'acial clime,
Saying: "I know a place where it blows all the time,
It's a wonderful spot where the wild winds meet,
And I go to my Southwind to greet."

Lower he blows with a might and a main,
Whistling weirdly again and again;
Near and yet nearer the rendezvous,
Southwind, I'm calling to you!"

Gentle Southwind was rolling along,
Timid and fearsome, till Northwind strong
Shook her and said with a frigid snort,
"Come! Here's where the cyclones cavort."

Then the Four Winds joined in a furious gale,
Whistled and sang with a syncopate wail,
And all the wind instruments man has ever known
Were put out of tune for a dance all their own.

The black, swirling clouds of dust and grit,
For the boys in camp cared never a whit;
And I swear, though some may deny it with scorn,
It's the place where Jazz music was born.

'Twas the camp where the 89th entertained,
But the "All American" never complained;
Till those heroes swept over the top,
Like the Four Great Winds that nothing could stop.

W. S. S.

(Tune—Marching Through Georgia)

Sing a song of freedom,
Pocket full o' stamps;
More than twenty Allies,
Putting on the clamps;
When the clamps begin to hurt,
The Germans shout "Amen,"
"Gott im Himmel, hear our cry,
"Let's have peace again."

QUARANTINE

What's the matter,
Quarantine?
Can't I go out to play?
Can't I go to town?
Gotta stick around?
Oh, I will that be sad!

What's the story,
In Company B,
Since we got this "quarantine" stuff?
He's a heartless cuss,
Sittin' up such a fuss,
Makin' me do the inside work, too!

Gee whiz!
Sure it's a — [illegible]
But what's my gripe? Here's the [illegible]
What? You don't say,
They took HIM away?
He — [illegible] is he really sick?

What does it mean,
Quarantine?
Nothin' but — [illegible] blues
I can't even go to town,
I'll just stick around
Whistlin' the old pals through.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR

(Written soon after the entrance of the Allies into Germany, because of the frenzied, [illegible] "kultur".)

The hero of the hour will be the man who bounds the Kaiser,
And sends him on his journey where he'll grow a little wiser:
Face to face with God Almighty—Master of Creation.
"Me und Gott" will be a thought, for future reservation.

They may let him have a look upon the Life Eternal,
Before they hurl him down below to regions most infernal,
Where Satan cunningly awaits him with a warm opinion,
Because the German "kultur" adds so much to his dominion.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

(Published in [illegible] Times, [illegible])

"Somewhere in France" Old Glory waves,
"Somewhere in France" will be countless graves
Give your last dollar! 'Tis not enough
For hearts that beat 'neath the khaki stuff!
Give your last cent to the Christian God,
That Peace and Love may rule over the rod:
Give! Though it pain for years to come,
That more of our boys may come back home.

THE GENERAL'S CAR

O what is the meaning of the bright red flag,
With one, great big white star?
And the manner of the men in uniform?
Sh, 'tis the General's car!

Out of the West, with eyes to the East,
Goes the General in his car:
Far to the East in a crimson field,
To fight for the pure white star.

LONGING

[illegible]

[illegible] is [illegible] yesterday, [illegible] [illegible] as
The woods, the streams, [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] plains of Texas [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] and gray are [illegible]

[illegible] as fine as [illegible]
But it lets demands that [illegible]
[illegible] and sand, near the Rio Grande.
At least I am a dream of the day.

[illegible] is over, and night [illegible] more
Harass my poor soul with their [illegible].
And God will remember that we [illegible] [illegible]
And let us be playmates again.

AWAITING THE CALL

(Just one cantonment—Spring, [illegible])

The sleepy old town of San Antone,
Is alive with the pulse of the Nation's own:
The river winds 'round and 'round through the town,
And the bridges are filled with the boys in brown
Watching the stream flow lazily by,
Carrying with it many a sigh.

And every little, narrow street,
Echoes the sound of dear, young feet,
Tramping gay, or with footsteps slow,
Anxiously waiting the call to go:
Eager to take a "whack at the Hun,"
To "get the dirty work over and done."

Birdmen from Kelly Field; flyers from Brooks;
From the Fort and Camp Travis—Regulars, Rooks;
Cavalry boys from Leon and the rest,
All bravely waiting the final test:
Wanting "the thing" to be "over and done,"
To "finish the job" and "get back home."

God, how it hurts me to pass them by,
How I'd like to laugh; but I'd rather cry:
Laugh to lighten their little day,
Cry for the loved ones far away,
Ready, each lad, when the call may come,
To "give Fritz a punch" and "hurry back home."

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Democracy [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] like the American [illegible]
[illegible] some poor Dutch [illegible]
[illegible] the right [illegible]
[illegible] to be [illegible]
[illegible] to ask [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] he [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] America's way [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] John [illegible]
[illegible] Kelly's [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] Prussian
[illegible] of Democracy's [illegible]
[illegible] makes [illegible] man [illegible]
[illegible] you're HIGH born or LOW
[illegible] LOVE ONE ANOTHER

LOBSTER

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE MASCOT

He was from little old New York,
Sergeant of one Troop B.
But the way he rode a fractious steed
Wasn't a movie-hero deed,
'Twas equine tragedy.

How he played the violin
Was another story quite.
Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Gounod,
Were plaything for his Master Blow
As we sat entranced each night.

Deep in the city's pulsing crowds,
When the call to arms was sounded,
A little girl with chestnut hair,
For years had been his sweetheart fair
And quickly they were wed.

Enlisted he, and the parting came,
So swift she hardly knew
The meaning of the mill-dam that the
The soul of her seared [illegible]
And storm clouds quickly grew.

Gaily she not, in madly gay chase,
Nor reckoned what the cost:
The only course she knew, he was gone
She feared no [illegible] powers,
Was not her lover [illegible]?

Way out West and South she sped,
To a Texas outpost came
And like a weary, long-lost child,
When at last they met, she quietly smiled
While he mused: "What precious [illegible]"

[illegible] in. [illegible]
Sh[illegible] the [illegible] Captain [illegible]
B[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
O[illegible] powder puff for her [illegible]
What a handcap little dance!

"Is [illegible] a daughter of Mother Eve?
Or [illegible] little gray field mouse?"
Such were his thoughts, and his [illegible]
As he said: "[illegible] the [illegible]
Over yonder—the [illegible] house."

And they dubbed her "[illegible]"
Though she really [illegible] the [illegible]
They skimmed [illegible] sticks [illegible]
[illegible] and sand.
All through [illegible] the [illegible]
And never were [illegible] across.

* * *

This is the tale as [illegible] to me,
And I wonder if down in that land
Beautiful strains of Verdi or [illegible]
Broken sometime [illegible]
Echo still on the Rio Grande.

[illegible]OR IN THE [illegible]

[illegible]

HELD TO ANSWER

[illegible]

Hars[illegible] le of a yellow [illegible]
Whose [illegible] necklace [illegible] was [illegible]
Who'd sailed 'round the seas,
Like a stoker Chinese,
[illegible] Wandering Jew, or a Bra[illegible]

[illegible] from Egypt. Pilfered or wi[illegible]
By some Irish trick that was "[illegible]
Shades of Father Mulloon,
This queer yellow coon,
[illegible] been thistened [illegible]

[illegible] for his ancestors [illegible]
[illegible] art, was his undoing:
The tales that he spun,
"Dear Land, were such fun!"
He "[illegible] dreamt or bibbed" [illegible]

[illegible] mesh as a "[illegible]
Quaking, his yellow skin pale,
He [illegible] on the charge,
O[illegible] traitor at large.
[illegible] Lies: He jes' a [illegible]

[illegible] from the Fatherla[illegible]
[illegible] all of a line fabrication:
[illegible] his language: "Beware!"
[illegible] English, with care,
[illegible] HIS life for the whole [illegible]

OFF TO LADY BITT

[illegible]

The Colonel's wife,
Sits deep in the strife,
And works like a trojan [illegible]
Nor shirks, nor cares
But smiles and dares,
[illegible] to the hardest thing.

Some care to risk
That tiresome desk
[illegible]ping Lady Bitt
Her heart's desire
Is to code a wire,
[illegible] it's her best "[illegible]

COME ACROSS

[illegible]

[illegible] who are over there
[illegible] some mother's [illegible]
[illegible] money with life [illegible]
[illegible] this year [illegible]

[illegible] less that go forth to [illegible]
[illegible] the crests of hell [illegible]
[illegible] is asked of you and [illegible]
[illegible] of our primal coin!

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

[illegible] of Lieut. Howard Kinney, [illegible] in flames behind the German lines [illegible] day of September 29, 1918, when the [illegible] as follows: To his mother, a school [illegible]

He was from Kentucky,
  Class '17, K. U.,
Honored on the gridiron
  As the man who beat Purdue.

Small in size, but mighty,
  And valiant he of soul.
Mongst the first to answer,
  To bravely sign the roll.

'Mongst the first to battle,
  And fearing not the foe,
Chose the Aero Service—
  Observer, flying low.

In the St. Mihiel salient,
  The Forest of Argonne,
He and his brave pilot,
  Each day pushed further on.

Laughed at engine troubles,
  Or landings in barbed wire
A target for the Germans,
  Their craft came down afire.

And he wore her picture,
  Praised it to the end—
The picture of his mother
  His sweetheart—his [illegible]

Dearest little mother,
  Howard is not gone.
He's only on the Other S[illegible]
  Awaiting you to co[illegible]

DADDY'S BOY

[illegible] soldier
[illegible] Daddy's home.
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] soldier
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

THE ARMISTICE

[illegible]

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"
Rang the chimes from the old church tower
Praise Him, all creatures here below"
Thank God for this blessed hour!
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly hosts
But the boys WHO GAVE, God [illegible]

Then "Ring the Bells of Heaven" [illegible]
With "Spread the News Today"
[illegible] joyous, ringing [illegible]
While the day sank to peace
[illegible] stillness, at last [illegible]
Again the world was free!
Then rose the [illegible] as peal[illegible]
"[illegible] of them."

AFTERWARDS

[illegible] Clad I know,
[illegible] "Forward" plunged at the first word go!
[illegible] gas and flame throwing fiends,
[illegible] somehow to stretch their lines.

[illegible] took the Cavalry route,
[illegible] get there fast enough or [illegible]:
Out to the Barracks and down to the Fort,
With the 1st Regiment of the Reserve sort.

[illegible] were these two, but not only [illegible],
[illegible] short time [illegible] they fared;
[illegible] went down the list,
[illegible] while the next [illegible]
[illegible] Artillery sent,
[illegible] Cavalry went.

One [illegible] the other [illegible],
[illegible] rebellious, [illegible],
But [illegible] the Rhine Crossing,
[illegible] crossers [illegible]

[illegible] while [illegible]
[illegible] "[illegible]"
[illegible] Guerre [illegible]
[illegible] what [illegible] are.

[illegible]
[illegible] grip [illegible]
[illegible] understand

Quite a few nurse this silent grief,
And they're not on exhibit in bas relief,
They are apt to shun the Legion's Club,
Though not to blame, they are just a dud.

They may have worked hard for a golden hand,
They may wear a beautiful silver star:
But their loss is keen, as men among men,
For they know you know where they have not been.

And this is not all—no heroic kid,
Can exploit afterwards what great lad did.